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It is a very fine instrument which it is a great pleasure to have.

Wanted a short time to give it a trial.

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James E. Brown, Esq., Edgewater, Ill., says

"The Beatty Piano receives great notice."

Agents wanted. Send for Catalogue. Address

Daniel F. Beatty,

Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME V.—NUMBER 22.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876.

WHOLE NUMBER 230.

A Trip to the Centennial.

STANFORD, KY., JULY 25th, 1876.

We left home Monday morning, July 24, to do the Centennial, as our Oriental fellow countryman almost invariably express it. Our train was crowded uncomfortably, to Louisville, in consequence of excursion rates for the 4th, but Capt. Suddeth put us through on time, and our round trip ticket was readily procured for \$35. We left the N. & M. depot, about half an hour late, and in road-room parlance, were "shaken up lively" in order that the regular connection should be made with the St. Louis and Cincinnati train. A few minutes after 10 o'clock, we left Cincinnati for Washington City, over the "Metropolis" and Cincinnati rail-road. Took a berth in a Pullman sleeping car, and were aroused by the porter Tuesday morning in time to stand upon a platform and view the magnificent bridge which spans the Ohio at Parkersburg, Va. Between Parkersburg and Grafton, less than one hundred miles, we passed through 23 tunnels, one or two said to be a mile or more in length, but the speed of our train was such that it took us right out of the Centennial grounds. At 12 o'clock, we had nearly completed our tour, and were about to enter the various buildings and know the location of the most interesting exhibits. The inclosure is large, building numerous and spacious, and the sights enough to fill a volume larger than we'd attempt to lift whilst the mercury soars among the sunbeams.

We were unable to invest 60 cents per hour, to take in the Centennial from a roller-chair, navigated by a uniformed helmet-man, and grew wofully tired of our contract before 6 o'clock, at which hour the buildings are closed for the day. We forgot fatigue in our delightful evening ride with Capt. Cowan, through Prospect Park, and around the Centennial grounds.

Between those places the outfit took a turn unprospecting of profit to rail-road, any section over which we ever traveled, the lands being almost universal savanna, rolling and poor, and the produce barely sufficient to sustain the inhabitants, one will naturally infer from the present crops.

At Grafton, we ate a 9 o'clock breakfast, for the best meal of which we ever partook at a rail-road hotel. At or near Grafton, we began the ascent of the Alleghany, and were whirled up the steep grade by a couple of engines at a rate of speed equal to that of our L. and N. passenger trains. But for the advice of a traveler, familiar with the road, we should have paid for a seat on the rear platform of the hindmost car—always a parlor or sleeping coach demanding an extra ticket for occupancy. A seat on the left afforded, from a rear window, a satisfactory view of the greater part of the scenery along the route through and over the mountains. The air is fresh, the atmosphere is invigorating, the beauty of the landscape is grand, and the green grass fields. A grass similar to our incomparable blue predominates, a native told us. Without reflecting at what an extreme height above the ocean level one is being dashed at race horse speed around, and over the summits, the scenery is well worth the price paid.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.,
Friday Morning, July 26, 1870.

Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:
SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

SOMEBODY or nobody, writing from somewhere or nowhere, to the *Courier-Journal*, made a violent assault upon the Hon. M. J. Durham. Now we had not intended, in advance of a nomination, to take sides for or against any aspirant in our party, and our readers will bear us witness that we have abstained from doing so. But when one of the most prominent aspirants for the honor is assailed from a masked battery, in advance of the Convention, and in a manner to give aid and comfort to the wily enemy, we feel in duty bound to resent it, and denounce the attack as a direct thrust at our party over Judge Durham's shoulders. The tone and temper of the whole anonymous letter are calculated to injure our prospects of success in the race, it matters not who may be our standard bearer. The writer certainly has a personal spite against Mr. Durham, else he would not have gone to the expense of twenty-five or thirty dollars in order to set his spiteful communication in print. The sly bid made by the unknown disaffected individual, for popular applause and approval, by singling out and naming at least one man in each county of the district, for Congress, any one of whom, according to the writer, would make a better representative than Mr. Durham; will not find such a bolt grabbed at with the voracity of a Jack-fish. Its transparency is visible to a blind man even. We have nothing to say against Mr. Hardin in this connection, or any of the half dozen gentlemen named in the communication aforesaid, but we do say that such thrusts as it gave are not calculated to injure Mr. Durham half so much as they tend to injure the Democratic party in this the 8th district. Such talk as that might be endured in a party convention, within our own Democratic household, but to lay it before the world is but to give the enemy a club with which they may cudgel us to their hearts content and aid in battering down our strongholds.

A FOREIGNER who reads the letters of acceptance, written by Hayes and Wheeler, would, of course, conclude that the South is in a shameful and almost illiterate condition. They are lul to believe that the negro race there is a fair sample of the intelligence of that whole section. The vassals and serfs of Europe are in a better condition than a majority of the Southerners, according to the views of the two aspirants for presidential honors on the Radical ticket. They would have the world believe that all the wisdom, intelligence and patriotism of this country centers in the North. Why send missionaries to China, Japan, Africa, and India, if we have so many Godless heathens within two days ride of the North by rail or river in our own country? Hayes and Wheeler have never been through the South. They formed their opinions from reading the letters of carpet-baggers and scalawags, and not from a reliable and intelligent source. It is not true that whole counties in Louisiana and other Southern States are without a single school house, as Wheeler says in his letter. The reading public who take their cue from some other quarter than Radical letter writers, will not be deceived by such stuff.

THE "man-and-brother" party assert that the colored race is abundantly able to take care of itself. Let such logicians go down to poor old South Carolina and witness the scenes there presented on all hands, and then come back and tell us how that race is flourishing. Under negro rule it is the worst governed State in the Union. Debt loads them down, and there is little hope of escape from its grasp. Give that great coitus and rice-growing State a Democratic government, under white men, and it would soon rise from the ashes.

THE Radicals having been trying to steal our Democratic thunder. As soon as our Uncle Samuel sounded the key note of Reform, the Radicals took it up and are even trying to "out Herod Herod." If they thought our cry for Reform was only a "delusive yell," why was it that they took it up so soon and so promptly? They well know that the people of this country have set their hearts on Reform, and, knowing that, they greedily grab at the word and try to assume to themselves all that the word means. "Too late, too late, has come your cry."

THE judicious old ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is going back to her old haunts at Madrid, and it will not be long before Alfonso, her son, the King, will have to abdicate and flee over the Pyrenees to France, in order to escape imprisonment or death at the hands of his enraged countrymen.

SOMETHING NEW.—It is not half done yet. We mean this old, old world of ours, with its sixty centuries. Nor can we begin to look for the end when Time shall be no more, until wonders cease. When the steamboat first floated upon the water, people began to think—surely this is the climax, and the end is near. Then long afterward came the telegraph and people, by its use, talked around the world in a twinkling. But the end was not yet found. We have now still another wonder. A man has invented an attachment to electric wires by which musical sounds are transmitted, and a piano played in New York can be heard in New Orleans. More than that, by a strange device, the sound of the human voice can be transmitted over a 1,000 miles on the wires, and two persons can converse with each other audibly that distance apart. If, therefore, in the mere "infancy" of the invention, such results have been accomplished, might we not, as the Boston Tredegar suggests, expect in due course of time, to see perfect the wondrous machine as to enable an orator in London to address an audience there and at the same time be heard by an audience in Boston? or, might not Wagner with his music performed in Paris, France, delight at the same time a fashionable throng in New York? Verily. The only drawback would be the absence of the speaker or the performer from this side of the water, but then we could close our eyes and draw upon the imagination for the balance. Truly, the end is not yet, and the powers of man's God-given mind have not been fully developed, if, indeed, there be a limit to it where development might said to have ceased, or reached its culminating point.

UNLESS there is another and a better extradition treaty between our country and England, the forger, robber, or other criminal need have no fear to offend against the laws, provided he can feel assured of his escape to that safe asylum, England. Wissaw and Brent glory in the beauty and liberality of the present treaty between the two countries. Lord Derby and our present minister are now working away at a new treaty, but it may prove to be even more "liberal" than the first.

A GREAT deal has been said by Republicans about Proctor Knott's withholding the famous Caldwell dispatch, and he has been roundly abused for it. They will now have the report of the whole committee, including Mr. Frye and Mr. Lawrence, Republicans, which fully exonerates Mr. Knott, and they say he did precisely right in holding it back until he could ascertain whether it was genuine. Thus explodes another Radical bubble, and its contents float out into thin air.

SOME papers assert that Grant has softening of the brain, and is likely to become totally insane, and give as their reason for this belief, that he is turning out all of the honest office-holders and putting in incompetent men. Grant is not insane, nor is he at all likely to become so. The only reason for his conduct is, that he will retain no man in office of whom he cannot make a tool and pimp, and his policy is to rule or ruin.

A NEW law was passed by Congress lately, which prohibits the sending of lottery circulars, letters, etc., through the mails, or any other manner which might induce the people to part with their money on an uncertainty. The law is a good one, and many persons will be saved from the wiles of the gambling swindlers of the North, where all the "God and Humanity" people are supposed, by Hayes and Wheeler, to live.

FOUR newspapers which heretofore supported the Republican ticket, have come out boldly and squarely for Tilden and Hendricks. Such a revolution in politics has rarely been known in the history of our country. There is a grand "ground swell" moving on, and we hope the end will not be reached until all will be able to see that the people are determined to have a radical change in the administration of our public affairs.

MR. EMMET G. LOGAN, formerly editor of the *Shelby Courier*, has become an *attacke* of the *Courier-Journal*, as we learn from the *Shelby Reporter*. Mr. Logan's well known ability as a live newspaper man, will be the means of adding much to the interest of any paper with which he may become identified.

MORE consistent, or true Democratic county can not be found in the State than the county of Wolfe. Her people are ever alive to the best interests of the Democracy, and, although a mountain county, their citizens are always posted and know how to vote on all the great questions of the day.

UNITED STATES Senator Allen T. Caperton, of West Virginia, died suddenly, last Wednesday. Mr. Caperton was at one time a member of the Confederate Senate during the war, and displayed considerable talent.

A MAN by the name of Green B. Raum, of Illinois, has been nominated by Grant, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in place of the valued Commissioner Pratt, who was removed by the President.

GENERAL NEWS.

CARL SCHURZ wrote Hayes' letter of acceptance, it is said.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to the memory of the late General G. A. Custer.

A GEORGIA negro paid \$9 to take the homestead law to keep from paying a debt of \$2.

A very destructive storm passed over Richmond, Va., recently, killing several persons and destroying many houses.

FALLING IN.—Four-fifths of the German voters of Cleveland, Ohio, who voted for Grant, have joined the Tilden Club of that city.

FIFTEEN prominent Republicans in different States have taken on Democratic armor, and will help us bear our flag to victory in November.

NINE-TENTHS of the Irish, and three-fourths of the German vote in this country, will support Tilden and Hendricks. So the statistics show.

M. HOUSE, the notorious N. Y. divorce lawyer, whose advertisements have flooded the country press for several years past, was shot dead by his wife (?) at their country seat, near Trenton, June 30.

MORRIS should be very careful about whipping children; they might suicide as a little fellow did in Montgomery, Alabama, who hung himself and the performer from this side of the water, but then we could close our eyes and draw upon the imagination for the balance. Truly, the end is not yet, and the powers of man's God-given mind have not been fully developed, if, indeed, there be a limit to it where development might said to have ceased, or reached its culminating point.

WHEELER, the Republican nominee for Vice President, has written a short letter of acceptance, saying he was willing to enter the race and share the defeat with his head man, Hayes. Misery loves company.

A CLOUD burst in California recently, and drowned thirteen Chinamen woodchoppers, and several other laborers. The cloud poured out a flood of water two feet deep, and swept the people away like straws.

GOV. McENERY is a candidate for the Gubernatorial nomination by the Democracy in Louisiana. He was clearly and fairly elected once before, when the infamous Kellogg, the carpet bagger, was allowed to take up considerably in our country. At Shelby City, Hall's Gap, and Crab Orchard depots, others are shipping equal quantities, and we presume that our supplies will be shown at the end of the buying season, September 1st, to exceed 100,000 bushels, at an aggregate sum of \$80,000. With a corn and hay crop equal in yield, what is to keep up hard times? Truly the industrious husbandman has nothing of which to complain. Our surplus products in Lincoln county alone, will have brought a cash return to them of not less than a quarter of a million dollars by the first of December. Other counties immediately adjoining us, Garland, Boyle, and Casey, will have large surplus crops and stocks, and, these combined, ought to throw into circulation in our vicinity nearly three quarters of a million of dollars. The outlook is hopeful.

TENNESSE boys in Tennessee, were convicted of stealing several plow lines. One of them was sentenced to the Penitentiary for two years and the other two for six months each. Pretty severe, but the best way to break up roughness.

GRANT, not content with turning out of office who should be retained there, has also turned out the State prison men who should also stay there. W. O. Avery, the crooked whisky rascal, is the latest one of his pets who has been set at liberty. In all probability we will soon hear that Grant has given Avery a fat office.

STATE NEWS.

A LEXINGTON man was fined ten dollars for hitting a horse over the head with a plank.

EX-LIEUT. GOV. CARLISLE, of Kentucky, is a candidate for Congress in the Covington district.

Mrs. Tevis' school, at Shelbyville, has been again placed on a firm footing, and will begin its 103rd session in September next.

THE Governor of Kentucky has offered a reward for the arrest of Sam Williams, who was released by the mob at Lancaster, and also a reward for the guilty mobbers.

LEXINGTON is trying to get street railroads. Now, if they will first build a decent Court-House, they might then hope to deserve such a convenience as a street rail-road.

THE wheat crop in this county is one of the heaviest made for years. A gentleman coming into town on the Cadiz road, last Saturday, passed 80 wagons loaded with wheat within six miles of the city.—[Hopkinsville New Era.]

IT is stated as true, however hard to believe, and may be accepted as a fact, that the colored people, who will submit to the degradation and insult, are being sworn to support the Radical candidate for sheriff.—[Lexington Press.]

OCTOBER, with biting frosts, is looked for now with more pleasure than before, because we are assured when the leaves begin to fall the base ball plagues will subside, and we will hear no more of their games until next season.

AN infuriated mob hung a man named Lee, in Northern Kentucky, because he shot and killed the man Ellis, who had seduced his wife. This is the first instance record, where a man has been mobbed for such an offense. Generally speaking, the slayer of a seducer is made a hero.

Mrs. J. H. Brown, a neighbor and particular friend of ours, related to us, some weeks since, a very strange peculiarity in his family, which is about this: Of the Brown family, some six or seven members of the male portion are dead; and all died near the same age, in the same month (September), about the same day of the week. And now, whenever one of the survivors gets the least sick during the month of September, it renders him very uneasy.—[Mayfield Monitor.]

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LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.

THE famous horse Vagrant, won the Exposition Stake at Philadelphia this month.

J. B. OWENS has an Alderney Bull which he will "farm out" at \$6 per cow, and allow the farmer to breed to him until his cow has a calf. His animal is thoroughbred, and said to be known as the best milk and butter stock in the world. The animal is convenient to town.

SHOW the quality of the present wheat crop in this county, we would say that a gentleman got from three bushels of wheat at Ross's Mill this week, 125 pounds of fine flour, besides shorts, second rate flour, and bran. This is nearly forty-three pounds of extra flour to the bushel. Who can beat it?

ON a meadow near town, in area something over 70 acres, there are nearly one hundred large stocks of hay. One of our farmers between town and Walnut Flat, has 20 stacks of hay, each of which he says contains not less than 2,500 pounds, which will sell for \$10 each. Surely provider is cheap enough at that rate—and stock will thrive when winter comes.

THIRTY different sales of thoroughbred horse stock on the North side of the Kentucky River during the past few weeks, aggregated 555 head, at average price of \$75—and netted \$154,850. The highest price obtained was for the horse Ed Wilder, \$18,000, purchased by Mr. S. G. Larick, of Newark, Ohio. An offer of \$15,000 for the trotter "John II" was refused.

MEADOW land, on an average, produce hay yearly of the value of \$12 per acre. It will cost perhaps, \$4 per acre to plant and harvest it, which leaves \$8 per acre, clear profit, and the land napimproved. What better interest on the investment could a farmer hope for or desire, even on land for which he paid \$50 per acre? Sixteen or twenty per cent is fair profit.

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TERRETT LOOK.—Wheat has declined to 75 cents per bushel. Weavers & McAllister have purchased several thousand bushels up to this date, and are still buying all that is offered to them, and pay cash at the counter. This ought to make times lighter considerably in our country. At Shelby City, Hall's Gap, and Crab Orchard depots, others are shipping equal quantities, and we presume that our supplies will be shown at the end of the buying season, September 1st, to exceed 100,000 bushels, at an aggregate sum of \$80,000. With a corn and hay crop equal in yield, what is to keep up hard times? Truly the industrious husbandman has nothing of which to complain. Our surplus products in Lincoln county alone, will have brought a cash return to them of not less than a quarter of a million dollars by the first of December. Other counties immediately adjoining us, Garland, Boyle, and Casey, will have large surplus crops and stocks, and, these combined, ought to throw into circulation in our vicinity nearly three quarters of a million of dollars. The outlook is hopeful.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.
Friday Morning, July 25, 1870.

Business Notices.

Buy your Quicksilver cheap, at Smith & Ramsey's.

Physicians' Prescriptions specialty at Chenault's Drug Store.

Smith & Ramsey are selling Paints, Oils and Varnishes, very low for cash.

MACHINE Belts and Belts for Sewing Machines, 4 for 25 cts., at Anderson & McRoberts.

A large supply of needles for all machines, 4 for 25 cts., at Anderson & McRoberts.

Clock Springs and gun bands for sewing machines for sale at Anderson & McRoberts.

"It's Delightful." That's what they say of the Soda Water of E. R. Thensell, only 3 cents a glass.

The only pure Soda Water ever made in town is at Anderson & McRoberts—from our new silver fountain.

Watches and Jewelry of all kinds at 25 per cent less than Cincinnati or Louisville prices, at E. R. Chenault's.

Take most complete stock of Drugs ever brought to Stanford, at E. R. Chenault's. Prices never so low.

Dont Pay Peddlers two pieces when you can buy the best spectacle made, at E. R. Chenault's at \$2.50 per pair.

All accounts and notes now due and not settled within thirty days, will be placed in the hands of a collector on collection. Respectfully,
July 1st. S. H. MATHENY.

The Beatty Piano, and Beatty's Unique Tongue Organ, manufactured by J. F. Beatty, 100 Broadway, N. Y., are highly endorsed by all who have tested them, as to the ease, durability, and sweetnesse of tone. They are said to exceed any other instruments in perfect construction. See his advertisement in another column.

Stomach Advice.—You are asked every day through the columns of newspapers and by your Druggist to use something for Diarrhoea and Liver Complaint that you know nothing about, yet get discouraged spending money with but little success. Now to give you satisfactory proof that our Patent Medicine, "The Golden Tongue Organ," is the best Remedy for Diarrhoea and Liver Complaint with all its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Constipation, palpitation of the Heart, Heartburn, Water Brash, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., we ask you to see your Druggist, Bookseller, & Stage, and to sample the Golden Tongue Organ, Avoar Elixer for 10 cents, and try it, or a Regular Size for 75 cents—two doses will relieve you.

Mr. BEATTY, manufacturer and proprietor of the Golden Tongue Organ, and Beatty's celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organ, Washington, N. J., is certainly a very reasonable and generous man to transact business with. He makes this very fair proposition to any who may favor him with an order, as follows: "If the instrument does not prove satisfactory after a trial of five months, returning it, the manufacturer will refund the cost of the return of the instrument, and he will pay freight charges both ways." This is certainly an exceeding generous, and safe manner in which to transact business with him. He warrants his instruments for six years. See his advertisement.

Local News.

We hereby return thanks to Mr. Marshall McKay for Canada impermeable.

A lot of oaks suitable for putting away in, at Weston & McAllister's.

SEVERANCE & MILLER have just received a large and splendid lot of Hamburgs.

Now is the time to buy your James, Union and our stock.

SEVERANCE & MILLER.

Dr. S. P. Craig and Mr. E. B. Hayden left town this week for a brief sojourn in Rockcastle Springs.

WANTED—R.R.—Severance and Miller will pay the highest market price for Rice.

Mrs. ADAM BENDER has been very ill for some days, and is still in rather a critical condition.

Go to Campbell & Miller's and get a practical Cook Book, containing two hundred recipes, free of charge.

OWING to the pressing care at home in their crops, our farmers have been to town but seldom during the past two weeks.

■ Mrs. JOE STEPHENS, after a long confinement to her room by a severe illness, was able to walk out in town on a crutch this week.

Mr. R. W. LILLARD returned from Colorado, last week, after an absence of about four weeks. He reports the Democrats of that new State wide awake for Tilden and Hendricks.

I have several fine Red Berkshire pigs for sale, at a reasonable price. These hogs are known to be the best variety, or some one, repaired to the Court-House. A while, curious to know what was to happen, soon gathered there, and found out that Mr. Boone Kilgore and a Miss Constance Harris were dosed of being married. No preacher was to be found in town; and the Magistrates in this State have no power to marry couples, the County Judge, the only remaining witness sent for, but couldn't be found, and the two lovers quietly departed. We have not heard whether or not they have been so fortunate since, as to find some one who could consummate their nuptials.

The Democracy of Garrard county, last Monday, at a large meeting in Lancaster, unanimously instructed their delegates to cast the vote of that county for Hon. M. J. Durham at the Staniford Convention on the 10th of Aug.

At Hustonville, next Saturday and Sunday, there will be a meeting of the various Sunday Schools connected with the Christian Church, of this county. All who feel an interest in such things should attend and do what they can to advance the cause of the Sabbath School.

The investigation into the mob at Lancaster, closed there on Thursday, but what the results attained, we have not learned. The Grand Jury will be likely to have all the facts before them of the next term of the Circuit Court, and then the trouble will come.

Hotel in Stanford for sale or lease, for from five to ten years. One-half or all can be purchased on time payment, one, two, three, four and five years. The Hotel can be converted into two dwellings. None need apply but responsible persons. For further information, apply at this office.

At a meeting of the Democracy of Casey county, held on recent date, they voted solidly for Hon. M. J. Durham, and expressed themselves as desirous of having him carry their banner in the race for Congress, against any one who might be called upon to bear the banner of the opposition.

C. S. R.—The trustees have awarded the Iron Trestle over Fishing Creek, in Lincoln, and Union Creek, in Pulaski, to the Louisville Bridge and Iron Company. The freight home of Ludlow was let to H. A. Schriver, Section 248, to Timothy Ford; 219 and 251, to Jno. Malloy & Co., and 251, to D. Tracy.

Fifteen or five colored men were in a private stable loft in town the other evening, about to engage in gambling with cards. The Marshal overhauled them and took them before Judge Lytle, for trial, and, on investigation, they were held to answer an indictment at the next Circuit Court. In the sum of \$50 each.

Col. T. P. Hill—The following complimentary notice of our townsmen, Col. Hill, we clip from the Courier-Journal. His card published in this paper of the same date, declining to further seek a nomination to Congress from this District, was a real surprise to many of his friends:

"We publish this morning a card from the Hon. T. P. Hill, endeavoring for Congress from the old Congressional District of this State, withdrawing from the race. Mr. Hill says, that, after a thorough canvass of the district, he is satisfied that he is not the choice of the people. As a general rule, there is both wisdom and virtue in the resolution of this sort; but it will be tried, to see if the people who have nominated him, are not more fit to represent us. He is one of the truest men in the State. He is a brilliant and effective speaker, and there is no reason why he should decline any contest. We say this much in the way ofendorse as well as in the way of kindness, for without disparaging the claims of other aspirants, there was no one who was equally able and representative a Kentuckian should be a member of the next Congress."

DEMOCRATIC JUSTIFICATION.—On Friday last the Democracy of Mercer county enjoyed a splendid barbecue on the grounds of the old Military Asylum. Music, speeches and a fine dinner were enjoyed by about 5,000 persons. Hon. R. Magnin, Isaac Caldwell, Gov. J. R. McCreary, and others were present, and delighted the crowd with Tilden and Hendricks speeches. In no part of the old banner State of Democracy, Kentucky, has a grander or more enthusiastic demonstration been made since the nomination of the ticket which will be sure to win in the November contest.

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LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.
Cob Orchard.

On the 19th inst., Mr. James Lucken, living about one and half miles from town, started in company with a Mr. Perkins in search of a bee tree; about noon some few clouds were seen gathering, still the hunters pursued the object of their search until they had reached the Atom Bluff, on Copper creek, when a flash of lightning struck Mr. Lucken some thirty yards, killing him and his horse instantly. The shock Mr. P. received was so great as to throw him from his horse. After regaining consciousness, Mr. P. began to search for his companion, and in a few moments found him and his horse side by side, cold in death. This occurred in a dense forest, and the most remarkable feature in the sad affair is, that neither by his horse showed any signs of his stroke. Mr. Lucken was liked by all that knew him; a good neighbor, kind husband, and affectionate father. He leaves a wife and eight children to mourn his loss, which is great, as he was quite a poor man.

GRAIN BUOY—Last Monday evening, while the steam thresher of Mr. Dudders was at work, threshing on the farm of Mr. William Dunaway, near Hall's Gap, the machinery took fire from friction, and the flames were communicated to the wheat and rye stacks and burned up about 100 bushels of wheat and rye together. It is supposed that the inferior oil used on the machinery, caused it to be fired by friction; They succeeded in saving the machine with only partial damage.

H. G. BARNES and family left here for Chicago, yesterday morning, where they will reside in the future. Mr. Barnes promised his friends that he would come to see them and preach occasionally. He left us with the hearty good wish of all our citizens. As a Christian gentleman, he deserves well of all who may know, and have known him. It is not true that he is to receive a salary for his labor, but goes to Chicago without any fixed sum offered for his ministerial work.

MAT. ELMORE FOUND.—Matthew C. Elmores, the young man who left the home of his brother on the 31st inst., was discovered in a field near the house last Wednesday, by two boys, who at once notified Mr. Menefee Elmore of the fact. When taken in charge, he said he had lived on berries and when during his absence, and slept on the ground. Several hard rains had fallen on him during the time. He was in a rather emaciated condition when found. His relatives will return him to Anchorage's Army.

ROSES.—For several mornings during the present week, a fire in our room was quite formidable. After the "heated term" we are little surprised that here, in mid-summer, a fire would be found essential to the comfort of sitting rooms. There must have been heavy storm somewhere in the State. The morning of Monday and Tuesday last, ween more like mid-August than the closing days of July. This has been a singularly strange year, yet how can Prof. Tice tell us anything about it?

Mrs. J. M. PLEASANTS, a former citizen of Lincoln county, and a brother of our esteemed countryman, Harvey Pleasants, who removed to the great State of California many years ago, is now on a visit to his relatives here. He brought with him samples of California wheat, which are very fine. His crops will yield from 30 to 40 bushels per acre this year, although it was only the "droppings" of last year's seed. He says that where weel were regularly sown, the crop would be nearly a third more.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. T. E. Burr, of Mitchellburg, Boyd county, preached at Roberts' Chapel on the 16th inst. He has one more appointment at the above place, which will close his labors with us, for the present Conference year. Revs. J. M. Salter and H. M. Burk, organized a Baptist Chapel on Carpenter's Creek, the 21st inst. The people there are given to their Christian duty. They contemplate building a Church, which is very much needed. May they succeed in this, their noble design.

SCARLET fever has entirely abated; not a case in town so far as known.

Mrs. MATTIE DOWELL, of Louisville, and Miss Mattie Singleton, of Lancaster, are visiting friends and relatives, in and around our quiet little city.

A man was given by the proprietor of the "Dripping Springs," last Saturday, Soan three hundred ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. The affair passed off quietly; so much so that it has been a subject of comment ever since. Not a single intoxicated man was to be seen, which is very rare for the Dripping.

THE C. D. SPRINGS are not crowded with guests. Their reg'r'l' feet look up about sev'-ety-five. All seem to enjoy themselves. But why should they not have a good time with Mr. Tice, at the mast.

CASEY COUNTY NEWS.
Pro's Creek.

We have been having unusually cool weather for the last day or two. A good rain in very much needed. Corn crops are suffering.

MARRIED.—At the residence of G. W. Brown, on the 9th inst., Mr. Brown to Mrs. Miss Ellen Adams; Elder Z. Shinnick, officiating.

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ON Farmers are done threshing wheat. They pronounce it excellent as to quality, though they estimate the yield to be about half they expected.

OPEN SHIP.—J. Russell, with a few men, visited Frye's Creek, a few nights since in search of Thomas Moore, who, it will be remembered, shot his wife who it is said was in the act of having an affair with another man.

TAZ RACE for the Sheriffship in our county, is creating some excitement. We have two candidates in the field, John Tote, Democratic nominee, and G. W. Sweeney, independent. Both are gentlemen, and either will be elected to all the court and the greater part of the community. The parties failing to give bond were taken to jail. Mr. Jones is on officer in the employ of the United States. But still he had to go to jail.

WE do not propose to censure our city fathers or charge them with negligence; but on the other hand we do feel like complimenting them for their promptness in removing the dirt and filth from our streets, they so kindly insisted on having piled.

THIS wheat crop in this section is about threshed; the yield was good, and all seem satisfied. Corn is looking splendidly.

AD.
Huckleberry.

For the information of the many friends of the family, announce the safe arrival, on the 18th inst., Seguin, Texas, of Miles Horace Shelley, daughter of R. H. and Nonie S. Thompson, late of this county. Her motion to the State of Texas, to be admitted into the bar, was granted, and she is now a member of the bar of that State.

THE track layers on the U. S. R. will cross the Hanging Fork to-day. The road is excellent, and steadily improving to himself, satisfaction to his friends, and increasing popularity in the District, generally. The Colonel is a mere youth yet. He can afford to wait; and when he comes again, with ripe years and more matured experience, Kentucky may well be in the hands of a man who has been trained in the school of hard knocks.

THE magnanimous and magniloquent declination of Col. T. P. Hill has won for him a host of warm admirers, and stedfast friends. He passed through the canyons thus far, with astonishing credit to himself, satisfaction to his friends, and increasing popularity in the District, generally. The Colonel is a mere youth yet. He can afford to wait; and when he comes again, with ripe years and more matured experience, Kentucky may well be in the hands of a man who has been trained in the school of hard knocks.

BETWEEN six and seven o'clock last Thursday evening, a couple came into town, and, after promenading the streets for a while, as if in quest of something, or some one, repaired to the Court-House. A while, curious to know what was to happen, soon gathered there, and found out that Mr. Boone Kilgore and a Miss Constance Harris were dosed of being married.

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NO. 2.—A block parcale parson, with polished steel handle and chain, left at the Court-House, or some store or dwelling in Stanford, several weeks ago. Return to this office, and be rewarded.

THE Democracy of Garrard county, last Monday, at a large meeting in Lancaster, unanimously instructed their delegates to cast the vote of that county for Hon. M. J. Durham at the Staniford Convention on the 10th of Aug.

AT Hustonville, next Saturday and Sunday, there will be a meeting of the various Sunday Schools connected with the Christian Church, of this county. All who feel an interest in such things should attend and do what they can to advance the cause of the Sabbath School.

IN THE press of business, for

from five to ten years. One-half or all

can be purchased on time payment, one,

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ing to procure change for a five dollar bill yesterday, received it in middle, and was furnished with a shot bag in which to carry it home.

WHEN is generally threshed, and hay and oats secured. The corn crop looks extremely well, but needs rain.

THE first crop of any character, we have seen this season, is on the farm of Mr. Pendleton Jenkins—the old Infantry Camp-ground in Garrard county. It is a crop of hemp grown by Mr. Crow, of Jessamine. We understand he has leased the land—\$0 or \$0 acres—for three years, at \$10 per acre, per annum. Mr. Jenkins says if he can succeed in renting the remainder of his place on the same terms, he will probably retire from active farming.

FAIRFAX.

Mount Salem.

On deer!

The trials of life!

The wages of sin!

The

STANFORD, K.Y.
Friday Morning, July 10, 1876.

A SUCCESSFUL EloPement.

Old Boggles was a brute. I repeated it—an unmitigated brute. Boggles was a wealthy dry-salter in Lime street square, and his residence was in Westbourne terrace. He was a widower, with two children, viz: Jack, aged 23; and Clementina, a bright-haired, light-hearted, thoughtless little beauty of 18, and one of the most lovable of the sex I had ever seen. Jack Boggles and I were chums at Eaton, and when we left school he joined his father in the dry-salting line, and I turned to the bar. My acquaintance with Jack caused me to be a frequent visitor at Westbourne terrace, and an attachment soon sprang up between myself and Clementina. But Mammon was the god of Boggles, senior—he began the world as a sheeblack, and I don't believe old Boggie could raise his own name; and although he had no objection to me as a companion for his son, he aimed at something better for his daughter than a poor law student of my limited means. Beside, there was a middle-aged, coarse-featured, pimply-faced, vulgar soap-boiler in the way, unmed Tadgobie; and Jack told me in confidence "that he was as rich as Crease, and he thought the governor had an eye on him for Clem." As for the dear girl, to her credit be it recorded, she positively detested the monster. One evening I was leaving the house as usual, when Boggles followed me down stairs and snid in a peculiar manner:

"Hump! Mr. Vavasseur, I should like to have a few words with you in the library, if you please."

Of course I assented, and followed him into the room. He pointed to a chair, gave a short, harsh cough, and began:

"Mr. Vavasseur, I am a man of the world, and although you are many years my junior, I imagine you to be the same. Now, sir, I do not wish for one moment, to hurt your feelings, but—I am a plain man"—and so he was—"ugly" would have been a better word—"and mean to speak plainly. I have lately noticed, with any thing but satisfaction, that there is too great an amount of familiarity between yourself and Miss Boggles, and a father's eye cannot be blind to the fact that your attentions are any thing but obnoxious to her; therefore, I feel it my duty at once to inform you that my daughter never can, by any possibility whatever, become your wife. That being the case, I must request you to put an end to all this boy and girl nonsense for the future. I shall take an early opportunity of speaking to my daughter on the subject, and in the meantime, I think it will be well for you to discontinue your visits at this house—at all events, until she is settled in life, when I shall again be happy to see you here as my son's friend and my guest."

The hard hearted old villain held out his hand as he concluded, and then added:

"Remember, we are at all times on the best of terms."

"The best of terms!" what a mockery for at that moment I could with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, have asseminated old Boggles. I scarcely know what answer I returned; but I took the proffered hand, muttered a few words in a reply, and hurried from the house.

In a few days I discovered that matters were not so thoroughly hopeless after all. True, I was forbidden the house, but there was a traitor in the camp; and through the agency of Jack, a correspondence was carried on between myself and Clementina, of which old Boggles was perfectly ignorant; and little did that unsuspecting parent know that I and my darling Clem had many cozy afternoons together in Kensington Gardens; for whenever Jack escorted his sister for a walk, I always knew where to meet them; and Jack, believing in the old adage, used to retire to a respectful distance and enjoy a cigar while we two were love making. Still, that sort of thing could not last forever; and knowing that her father was unlikely to alter his mind, we agreed to close the first opportunity.

"Now's your time, old fellow!" said Jack, bursting into my chamber one morning when I was breakfasting. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken in the flood—hump! Shakespear. You know the rest."

"Just so, Jack; but what do you mean?"

"Menu! Listen to this, Charlie, and let's hear what you think of my scheme."

And putting me on the back, he continued:

"The old duchess next door to us—you know who I mean, Mrs. Coopers Tubbs, is to get up a picnic in Richmond Park the day after to-morrow. Clem and I are invited; and the old lady asked me to take down all the fellows I can; and, therefore, I mean you to be one of the party. Don't interrupt me if you please. (Seeing me about to speak.) Clem goes in the carriage with the Tubbs lot, and I'll call her for you. Now you've told me over and over again, you want to run away with my sister. What's to hinder you from doing so, then? Make your pre-

parations; have a trap waiting; and, before we are mis'd, we shall be half way to Dover. I say 'we,' because I'm going with you. By the hy, dud and the soap-boiler are to join us at the evening; so we must make our selves scarce before they arrive. What do you think of my plan?"

"Capital! you're a noble fellow, and it's a pity such a genius as yours should be devoted to dry-saltery. You'd have made a splendid diplomatist."

"There, that'll do; no soft soap if you please."

"Do you think your sister will give her consent?"

"Oh, Clem'll do any thing to annoy that wretch of a soap-boiler; besides she's head over ears in love with you. But come, my time's precious; take a pen, write to her, and I'll be the postman."

Here Jack filled his meerschaum, helped himself to bottled beer, took up the "PICKWICK PAPERS," and began to smoke like a small furnace, while I sat down and wrote as follows:

"My own adored Clementina—Jack has just proposed an excellent plan for us to carry out our project at Mrs. Tubbs' picnic on Wednesday. He will tell you what it is. I know, dearest, that it is not exactly right to run away without your papa's consent, but when a parent insists upon breaking the heart of his only daughter by uniting her to a soap-boiler—being whose sole thoughts may be summed up in two words—"yellow" and "motified," a red-faced, repulsive, unmanly, ungrammatical individual, without an atom of poetry or sentiment in his composition, without consulting her feelings. In the matter, the only course left to us is to do without it. Oh! Clementina, although only two days it seems an age since I have seen you. As Romeo says:

"What may grieve thee, would I were thy, O joyful wile to my own woe! And, as I stand, and gaze till I were out mine eyes."

"I have had a special license and a wedding ring wrapped up in a whitish-brown paper, in my left breast coat pocket, for the last seven weeks. Except these blot; they are not tears, but ink. I'm too joyful for tears; you can form no idea of the agitation I am in at this moment. My hand trembles so violently that I have just upset the ink bottle over the table and spoilt a brief, and my white waistcoat is spoiled with the abominable compound. Jack insinuates that it is drink; believe me, darling, it's nothing but exhilaration. What are white waistcoats and briefs to you? Oh, Clementina, at this moment Jack seems to me to be our good genius; he is a brother you will be proud of. I just now left off to grasp his hand and thank him for his kindness, and he replied—"Finish your letter, you donkey!" But it is all his goodness of heart. Still he is growing impatient, and throwing things at my head; so I must bring this note to a conclusion. Leave all to me and fear not the result. Adieu! my adorable one! Adieu! adieu! Your own fondly affectionate and eternally faithful CHARLIE."

"Hence you really finished," said Jack, as I folded the letter and gave it to him.

"Yes, my dear old boy! yes! und ten thousand thanks!"

"Then I'll off at once. Mind! the day after to-morrow."

And slinking my hand warmly, he hurried away. Wednesday came in due course, Jack called for me and we ran down by train to Richmond, walked up the hill to the park, and soon discovered our party under a clump of trees by the White Lodge.

On seeing us Mrs. Coopers Tubbs rose from her seat immediately, and received Jack in the most cordial manner.

"Oh, my dear John, I'm so glad you've come; pray introduce me to your friend."

Jack did the amiable.

"Mr. Charles Vavasseur, Mrs. Coopers Tubbs."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Vavasseur. Any friend of my dear John Boggles, is welcome here."

It was currently reported that Mrs. Tubbs had sinister designs upon Jack for one of her three daughters, dreadfully awkward, short, chunky-faced girls in blue silk. I bowed, and was thus introduced by Mrs. Tubbs to the rest of the party, who were all strangers to me. There was Mr. Swindell Sharp—Jack said he was a director of a joint-stock company for extracting oil from brickbats, or something of the kind—Sir Finsay Fitzmeyer, K.B., an antiquated bear of Mrs. Tubbs, Mrs. Watlington Pye and her daughter, Miss Maggie Pye, young Flimsey, firm of Flimsey, Kite, Flyer & Co., financiers and stock brokers, Cophull court, a great gun in his own estimation, and a perfect tailor's advertisement; the Misses Jessie, Juliette and Jemima Tubbs, and many others whose names have slipped from my memory; and last, although not least, there was the dear girl herself, looking prettier than ever in a most becoming costume of white and green.

"My sister, Mr. Charles Vavasseur," said Jack.

"Aye, ay, sir! I'll unke it all right," was the reply.

I strained my eye to the utmost, as I saw him speak to old Boggles. It was a moment of terrible suspense, but a moment only; for, directly afterward, the three hurried away in the direction of the Louis Marie.

"Safe by all that's lucky!" said Jack, seizing me by the arm. "They are on board the wrong boat, and she's starting."

As he spoke, the paddles of the Belgian began to revolve, and almost immediately afterward she swayed slowly on our left. Just then I saw old Boggles and the soap-boiler come rushing like a couple of madmen, up the

onlook steps, and hurry about; they had discovered their error too late, and were fairly under way for Ostend. Jumping into one of the seats, and not knowing or caring what I did, I waved my handkerchief to attract their attention, and shouted, "Good night, Mr. Bogles! Tal tal Tadgobie! Much obliged for the trouble you have taken. A pleasant journey to you both!"

"Upon my honor, my dear madam, every word I'm indeed," returned the baronet, exhibiting his false teeth to advantage.

"Once when Tom Higginson and I were on the Ramebandee Ghaute, one of those abominable Bengalees came up and said—"

"A glass of claret, if you please—"

"The Rajah Bustomjee Doodop Singh intends—"

"Purchasing fifty shares at five pounds premium—"

"Assassinating the whole of you—"

"Getting a few of his friends to rig the market—"

"Did you ever know my thing so unpleasant, dear, as—"

"A hundred thousand black rascals it arms—"

"They came from Peter Robinson's dear—"

This may be taken as a sample of the conversation I heard, as every one was talking at once on different subjects. So the time slipped away, until Jack said quietly to me,

"Half past 6 o'clock, Charlie, the enemy is nearly due. Time!"

My heart went pit-a-pat, for a moment as Jack lit a cigar, and taking his sister's arm, strolled leisurely away. By this time most of the others were wandering about in little knots of two and three, Mrs. Tubbs still being held captive by the baronet. Very coolly I followed Jack, and strolled alongside of Clementina, in the direction of Petersham, until Jack stopped suddenly, and looking about him, said:

"The coast's all clear; we're the party in sight, now for a run. I drew Clementina's arm in mine; Jack scolded away in front, and we quickened our pace proportionately. Down into the valley, and over the railing of Petersham Park, where we ran down the hill like children, afraid to stop for a moment, or look behind us, for fear we might be noticed and pursued. We quitted the Park by the south gate, crossed the road, and in the little inn yard, found the barouche I had ordered, waiting.

As I handed her into the carriage the dear girl said quite out of breath: "Ah, Charlie! I'm so frightened, what will become of us, suppose we are pursued?"

"Courage my darling!" I replied, "and never fear for the result. We shall not be missed for an hour at least, and by that time we shall be out of danger."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, swept the house, and made the beds, I'll donate this sum."

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"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretched.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this money is yours," continued the wretched.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pair of stockings in this room that don't need darnin', I will hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of the society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member, I beg you to withdraw, and let us proceed with our routine business."

I took her down into the saloon and returned to the dock just in time to see the signal light of the Southeastern train approaching rapidly down the Admiralty Pier. Nearer and nearer, it came, until it stopped immediately above us. Just behind us, with steam up ready to start, lay the Louise Marie, Belgian mail packet. The letter bags were on board, the last basket of the Continental Express had been shipped, and the last porter was quitting her deck, when to our horror, we saw two figures, whose faces we immediately recognized, alight from a first class carriage, and look about them anxiously. Luckily, Clementina was in the saloon. What was to be done? Not a moment was to be lost. Jack was equal to the emergency. Without saying a word to me, he jumped on to the landing stage, and thrusting a couple of sovereigns into the hand of one of the porters, said:

"You see those two gentlemen? Convince by any means in your power to get them into the Belgian boat."

"There's nothing wrong? taint a barney, is it?" asked the man.

"Only a runaway match, you understand?"

"Aye, ay, sir! I'll unke it all right," was the reply.

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